26 LEANAY.

Meet the Secretary Bird on page 7!

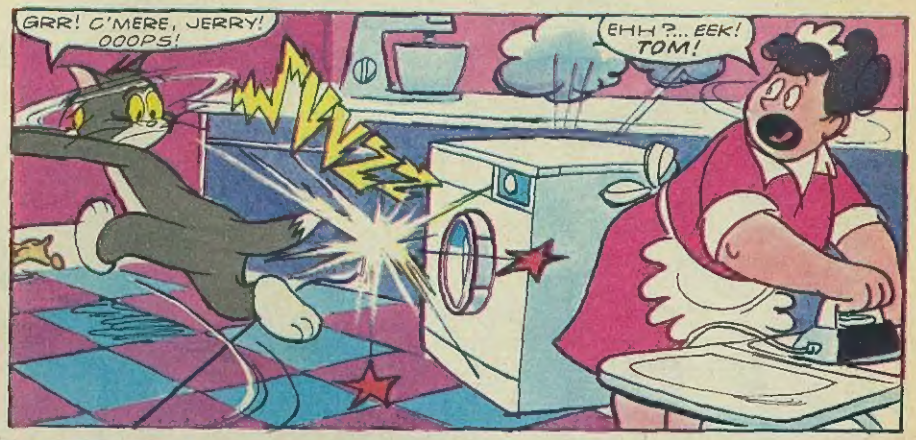
TV COMIC

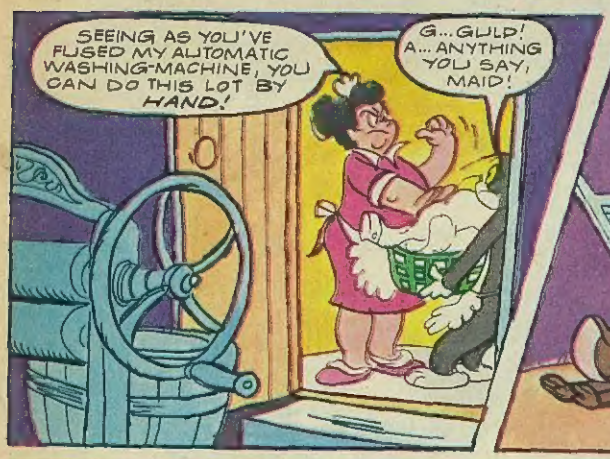
6p

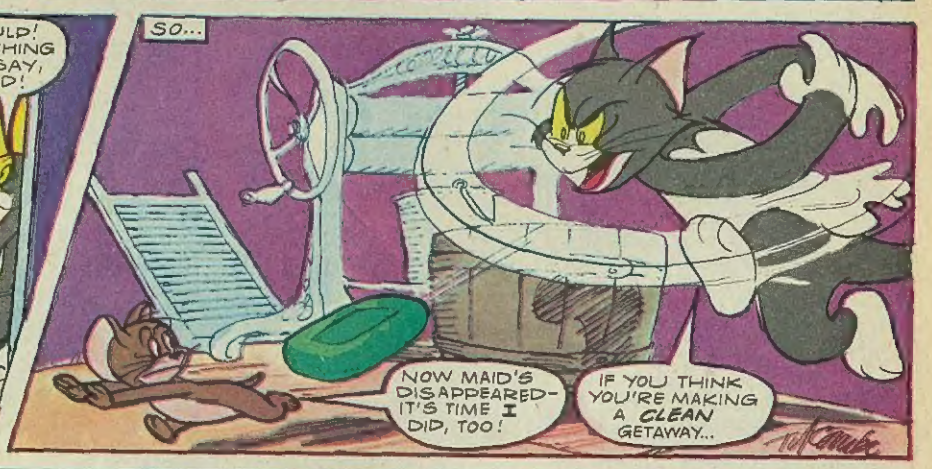
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week ending June 22, 1974 | Number 1175

TOM and JERRY







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Bubble over to page 2

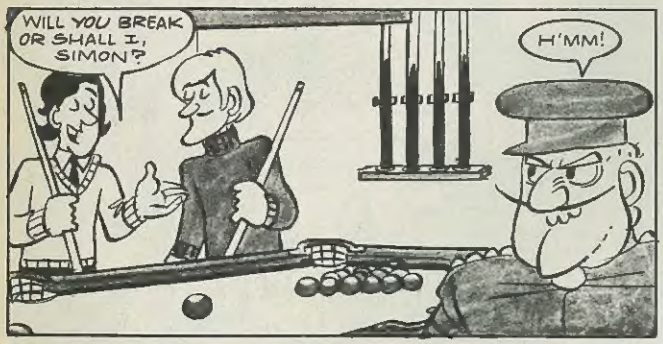
SPLOSH!
LOOKS LIKE TOM'S HAVING A SPLASHING TIME, EH, READERS? CHUCKLE!
THAT TATTY CAT REALLY LOOKS WET...
!!?
...GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO PRESS THE DRIP INTO DRYING OUT!
SEEMS THAT MANGL-Y CAT'S DECIDED TO HIGH-TAIL IT OUTA HERE!
NEEAGH!
OOOOMPH!
SPLAT!
MEANWHILE...
JUST A SHORT-CIRCUIT! IT'S AS NEW NOW, LADY!
THANK GOODNESS. I'LL JUST SEE HOW TOM'S GETTING ON!
BUT...
WHY, HE HASN'T EVEN STARTED. I'LL WHITE-WASH THAT CAT WHEN I FIND HIM!
G...GULP! I'D BETTER STAY PUT TILL MAID'S CALMED DOWN!
I'LL PUT THIS LOT THROUGH THE AUTOMATIC AGAIN!
?
I GUESS TOM'S GOING THROUGH QUITE A LOT IN THERE! HE'S AS WHITE AS A SHEET AND LOOKING ...ER... RATHER WASHED-OUT! CHUCKLE!

Fish tank trouble with Tom soon.

TV Terrors

IT'S SPORTS NIGHT ON THE TELLY! ALL THE SPORTS STARS WILL BE IN THE STUDIO TODAY!
YEOW! AND THE STUDIO DOOR ISN'T SPORTING A HOPPIT! WE CAN WALK STRAIGHT IN!

HELP! HELP!
THE TRAMPOLINE MAKES A SMASHING AUTOMATIC WHUMPER! IT COULD KEEP PUTTING THE TERRORS UP INTO THE AIR FOR EVERMORE!
BOING! BOING! BOING!



Hoppit gets the bird next week.

CANNON
BY a mere fluke, Frank Cannon has escaped from an assassin's bullet. When a wreath is delivered to his apartment the card attached gives cause for more alarm . . .
ONE OF THE TEAM AND FIRST TO FALL, THE FAT GUY WILL BE FOLLOWED BY PAUL.
WHAT D'YOU MAKE OF IT, FRANK? WHO'S PAUL?
NOT MUCH, JIM. EXCEPT THAT IT SMELLS LIKE A DEATH LIST TO ME. PAUL ...PAUL...? NOPE, DOESN'T MEAN A THING.
WITH A TRACK RECORD LIKE YOURS IT COULD BE A GRUDGE KILLING.
I COULD GIVE YOU ENOUGH NAMES TO FILL THE LOCAL DIRECTORY IF THAT'S THE CASE. NO, JIM, THIS SEEMS MORE SINISTER TO ME!
HOSPITAL
YOU MEAN, IF WE CAN'T TRACE PAUL HE'S GONNA FIND HIMSELF DEAD?
ON AN EXCLUSIVE GOLF COURSE NOT MANY MILES AWAY...
GOLF BUG
YOU KNEW, FRANK CANNON, DIDN'T YOU, JUDGE?
SURE. GOOD MAN. WHAT ABOUT HIM?
YOU RECKON HE'S HURT BAD? DRAT IT! I'M IN THE ROUGH...
NOT SHORT OF DEATH WAS WHAT I HEARD, JUDGE.
YOU TAKE YOUR SECOND SHOT, SAM. I'LL TRY AND LOCATE MY BALL.
OKAY, JUDGE.
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...
JUDGE... JUDGE!
GOOD GRIEF! HE'S DEAD!
WHEN FRANK CANNON HEARS THE NEWS...
JUDGE WILSON DEAD! THAT'S BAD! HE WAS A DECENT GUY!
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, FRANK, IS WHY HE SHOULD BE ON THE SAME EXECUTIONER'S LIST AS YOU?
...MMM? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CONNECTION, JIM? THE JUDGE WAS STABBED, WASN'T HE?
BECAUSE OF THIS!
Fly away Percy, Fly away Paul, The team's a comin' and the next one's tall. R.I.P. Judge Maitland Percy Wilson.

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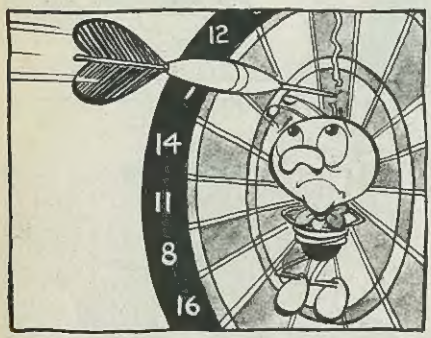
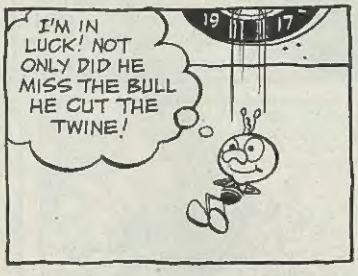
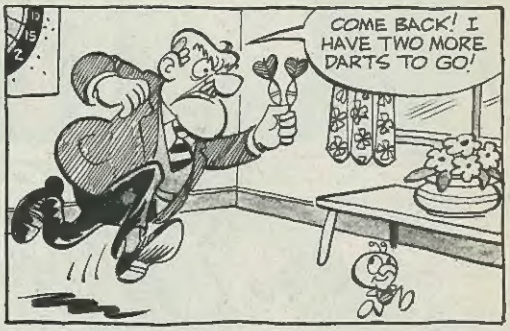
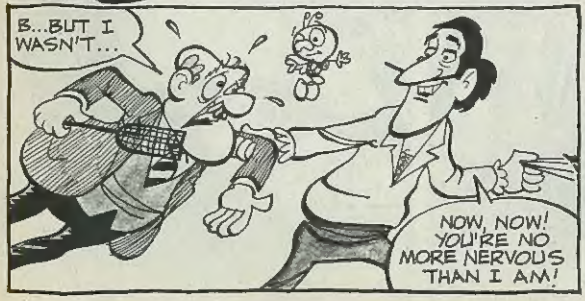
Don't miss next week's thrilling episode.

MIGHTY MOTH









More mothsterics next week.

BARNEY BEAR
I'M GOING TO HAVE MY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AUTOMATICALLY, MOOSE!
3 INSTANT PHOTOS
HOW'S IT GOING, BARNEY?
TWO TAKEN, ONE TO GO!
THE PHOTOS SHOULD BE READY BY NOW!
NOTHING'S COME OUT! I'D BETTER TRY AGAIN!
BANG BANG!
IS IT WORKING NOW, BARNEY?
WELL IT KEEPS ON GOING 'CLICK-CLICK-CLICK'...
BUT THERE'S NO PHOTO COMING OUT!
BANG BANG
I'LL GIVE IT ONE MORE TRY!
THE STUPID THING ISN'T WORKING!
BANG
HEY! WAS IT YOU I HEARD BANGING MY MACHINE?
NO, SIR. I'VE ONLY JUST GOT HERE!
BARNEY SHOULD HAVE PRESSED THIS BUTTON!
SO IT WASN'T YOU, EH?
G...GULP! PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE PUT HIM IN THE PICTURE!

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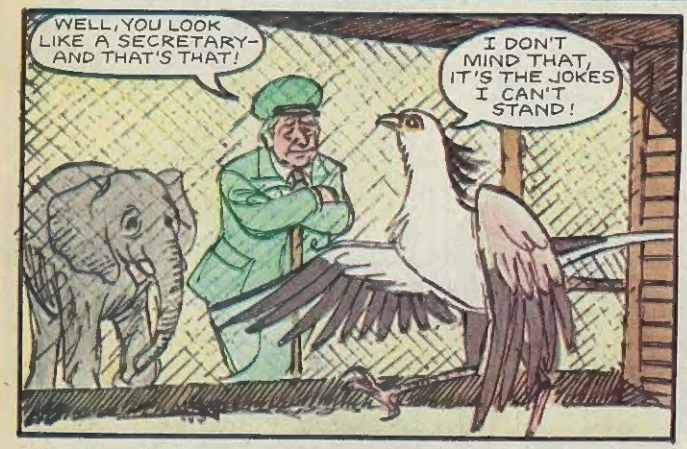
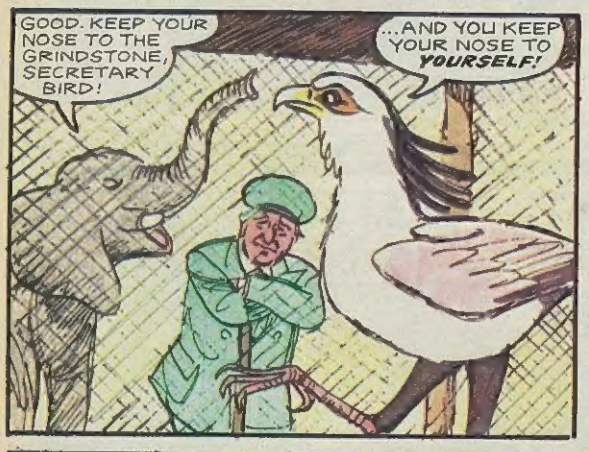
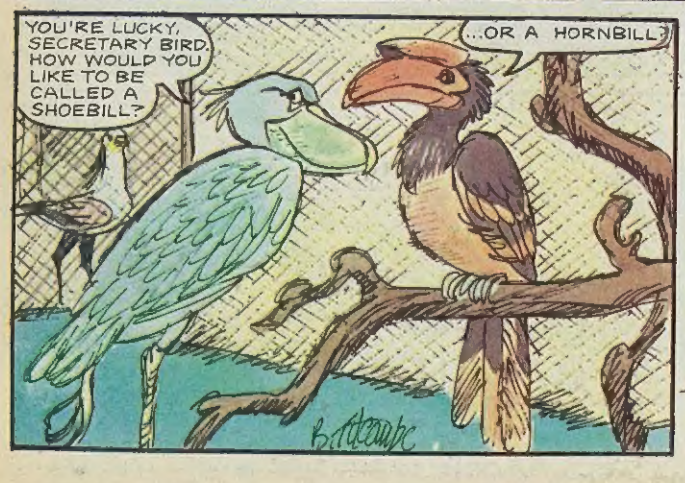
Soon: Barney's beaten by a bottle!

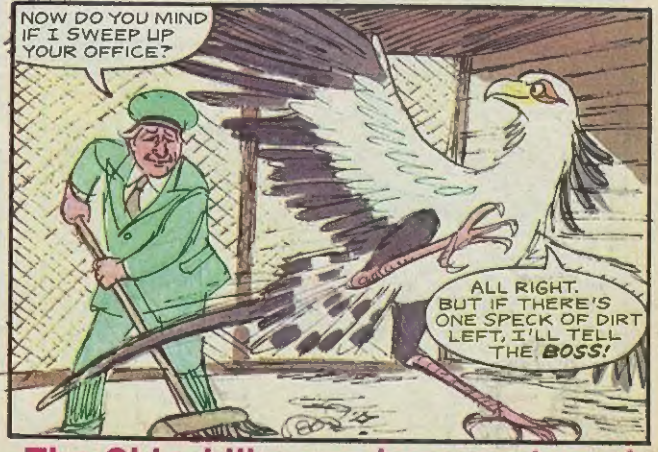
Johnny Morris's

ANIMAL MAGIC



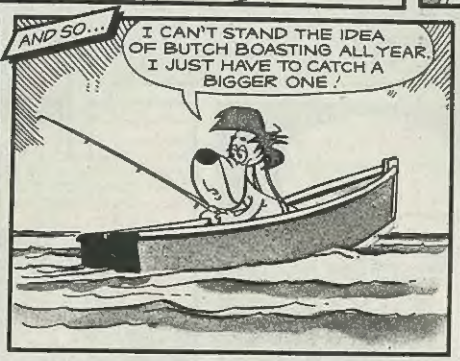


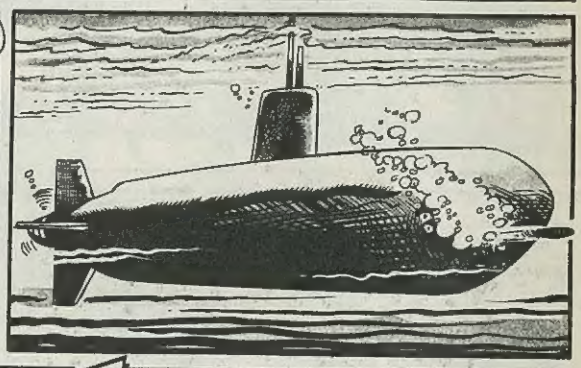


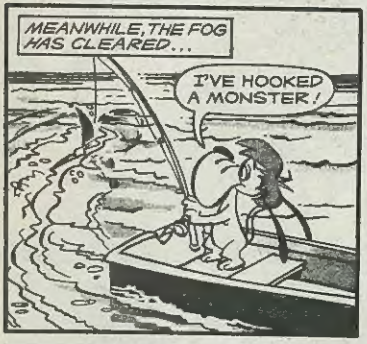


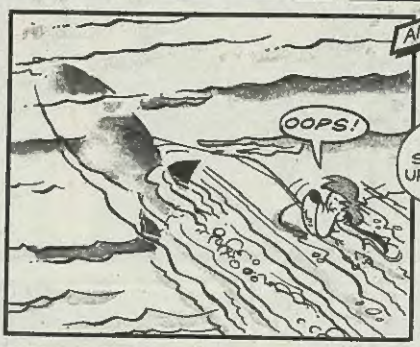
The Chinchillas are here next week.

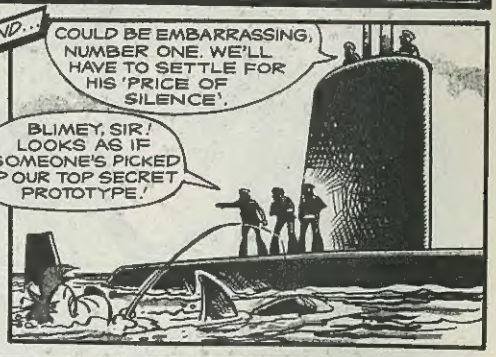
DROOPY

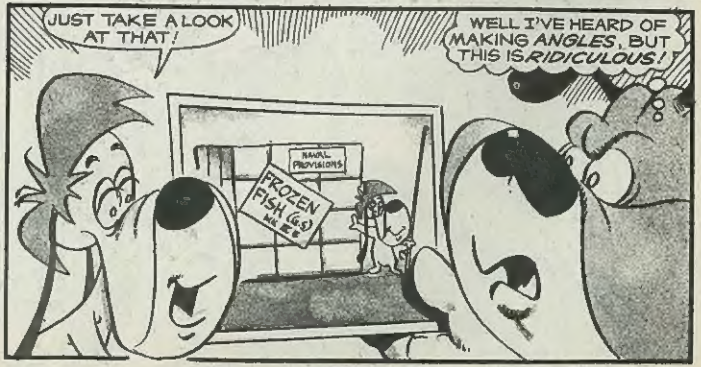









AND...
COULD BE EMBARRASSING, NUMBER ONE. WE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR HIS 'PRICE OF SILENCE'.
BLIMEY, SIR! LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE'S PICKED UP OUR TOP SECRET PROTOTYPE!



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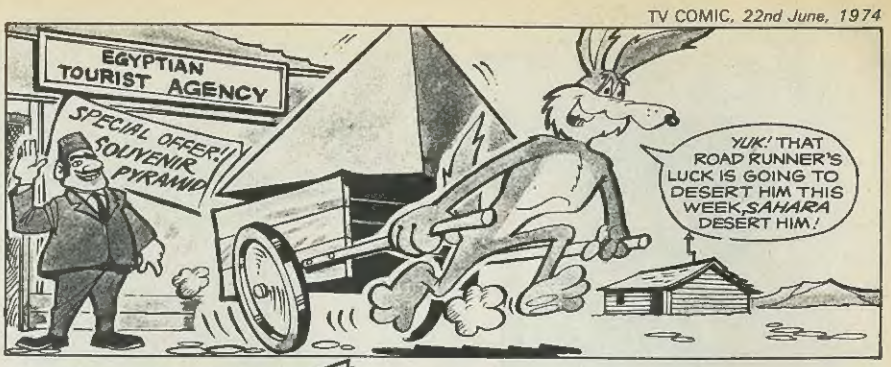
Soon: Film fun with Droopy.

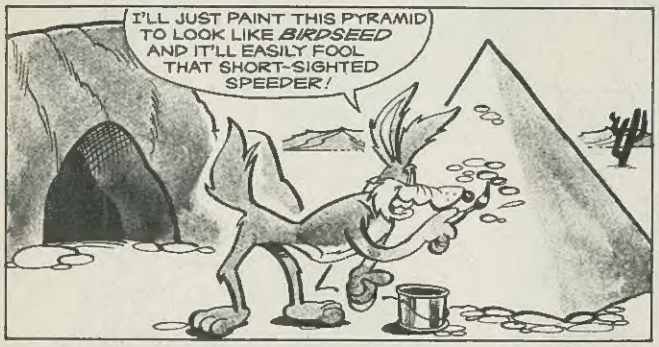
Texas Ted

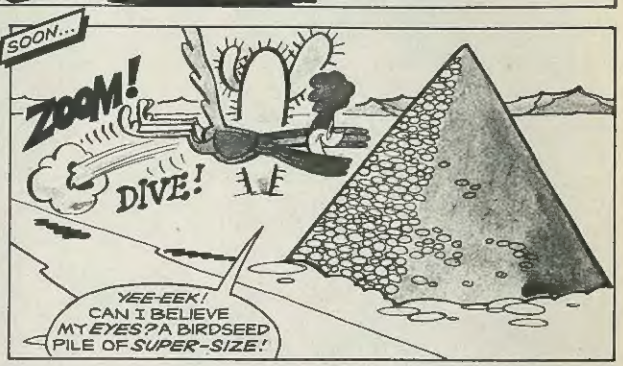
ANNUAL FAIR
PENNY ROLLING
I LOVE THE FAIR, EDWARD. THERE ARE SO MANY EXCITING THINGS TO HAVE A GO ON!
SPEAK FER YERSELF, COUSIN...
... FOR ALL THEM THINGS IS KINDA SOFT FOR A TOUGH TEXAN LIKE MYSELF!
ROLL UP!
ROLL UP!
DON'T JUDGE SO HASTILY, EDWARD. COME ON...
ROLL UP, AND TRY THIS TEST OF STRENGTH. RING THE BELL AND WIN A PRIZE!
THERE, EDWARD! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW TOUGH YOU REALLY ARE!
ZAP
PRIZES
FRANK McDIARMID
WHY, IT WAS A TEXAN WHO CREATED THE GRAND CANYON- JUST TUH MAKE A BIG TOURIST ATTRACTION.
KERRUNK
WELL, YOU MIGHT MOCK, EDWARD. BUT IF YOU'RE AFRAID TO HAVE A GO, I'M NOT!
BUT...
HAW! HAW! AH SHO' DON'T FIGURE YOU'VE WON ANY PRIZES, COUSIN!
OOOMPH!
TAP!
TRUST YOU TO LAUGH, EDWARD. BUT AT LEAST I WENT FIRST!
NOW GATHER ROUND, FOLKS! AND WATCH A TEXAS-TYPE BELL RING!
AH'LL HIT THE BELL FIRST TIME... UHHH!
STUMBLE!
KERBOINK
THAT'S NOT ALL...
MR MUSCLES-7 BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN
G...GULP! THAT'S TORN IT!
I THINK MR...ER... MUSCLES... MUST HAVE BELLS IN HIS HEAD, THANKS TO EDWARD!
YEAAGH!
SO YOU WANNA MAKE A HIT, EH, YOU CLUMSY COWBOY?
ER... LET ME... EXPLAIN... YOU SEE...!
TRY THAT FOR SIZE!
ZOK!
DOINK
IT SEEMS EDWARD WAS RIGHT. HE DID RING THE BELL, ONLY... ER... HEADFIRST! SNIGGER!

Sunshade sniggers soon with Ted!

BEEP BEEP The Road Runner


EGYPTIAN TOURIST AGENCY
SPECIAL OFFER!! SOUVENIR PYRAMID
YUK! THAT ROAD RUNNER'S LUCK IS GOING TO DESERT HIM THIS WEEK, SAHARA DESERT HIM!





OH, DEAR! I FEEL SOMEWHAT JARRED! THAT BIRDSEED WAS VERY HARD!
I MIGHT JAR YOU MYSELF, ROAD RUNNER! PICKLED ROAD RUNNER? SOUNDS DELICIOUS! YUK!

MOAN! GROAN!
MOST UNFORTUNATE! I OMITTED TO TELL THE COYOTE THAT THE DE-LUXE MODELS HAVE A BUILT-IN TOMB AND CLOCKWORK MUMMY! SISH!
ACHE!
THROB!
SORE!
PRAY, SIR... STOP WITH THE EXCUSE! THE BANDAGES WILL BE OF USE!

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Wile E'rockets' this way again soon!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

STAR LETTER

This is a photograph of me with my pet dog. We wanted to keep him out of our back garden so we made a three-foot fence around it, but we found that he could jump over that. We made the fence a little higher but he was still able to jump over it. So we decided to make a four-foot fence and put chicken wire around the top of it, but he would chew through that. So we put chicken wire all around the fence but he would still chew through it. Finally we put thick wire mesh around the gate but he would shake the gate until the bolt slid open — so we had to fix a heavier bolt on to the gate which stopped him opening it. And after all that, he's only a miniature Dachshund!

Jeremy Elvin, Holbury, Southampton

*Which only goes to prove, **'you can't keep a good dog down!***

The case of the phantom pianist

When I was going up to bed one night I heard the piano being played downstairs. I went and had a look but there was nobody there, and none of the family had heard it. The following night the same thing happened again and still there was nobody there. But on the third night I rushed into the room just in time to see a mouse running across the keyboards, solving the mystery of the ghostly pianist!

Peter Davies, Corby, Northants

Has anyone else heard any **mice music?**

Dear Editor

My name is Nicholas Oliver and I am seven years old. I have a sister who is five years old. I live in Bahrain. I have seen lots of camels and I like going into the desert. Popeye and Mighty Moth are my favourite stories in TV Comic.

Nicholas Oliver, Bahrain

Phew!! It sounds very hot, Nicholas. Anyway, I'm sure you'll never **desert** *us for the desert!!*

Dear Editor

My name is Christopher Anderson. This is a picture of me taken in the garden at my cousin's home, Lynda. I like playing football. My favourite story in TV Comic is Doctor Who.

Glasgow, Scotland

Well, it's all up to you Scots to win the World Cup, Christopher.

Here is a little poem for Readers' Page:

TV Comic is the best,
Stories, jokes and all the rest.
I wish I could get it every day,
Once a week is not okay!

Mark Whitby,
Oundle, Peterborough

I can't take all the credit for, but I am the humble editor!

Dear Editor

I am eight years old and I have a rather strange habit. I eat carrots. I love carrots and I am always eating them. As you can probably guess, my favourite story in TV Comic is Bugs Bunny!

Laura Dyde,
Lewes, Sussex

I shall expect to hear from you again when you start digging holes in the garden.

* * * * * *

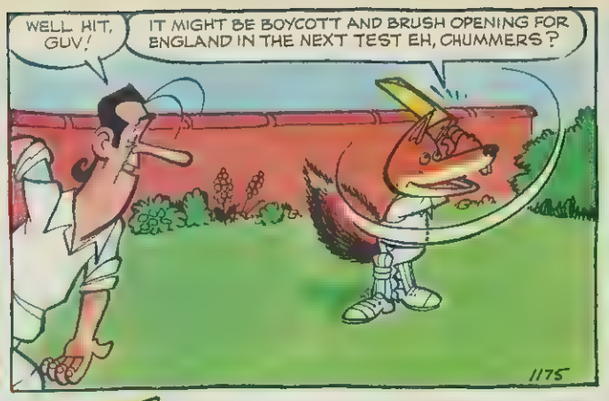
Dear Editor

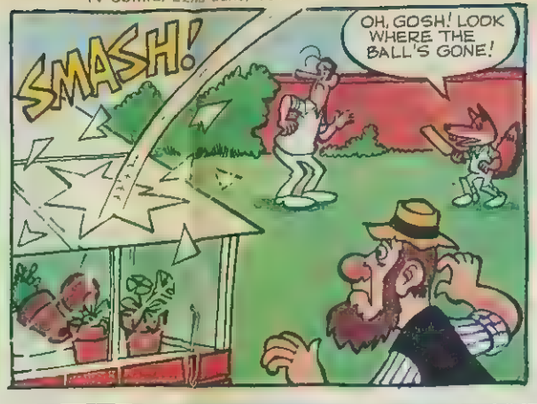
My name is Anthie Karim and I am eight years old. I hope to get a guinea-pig or a rabbit for my birthday. My hobbies are swimming, ballet, playing football and playing American ball.

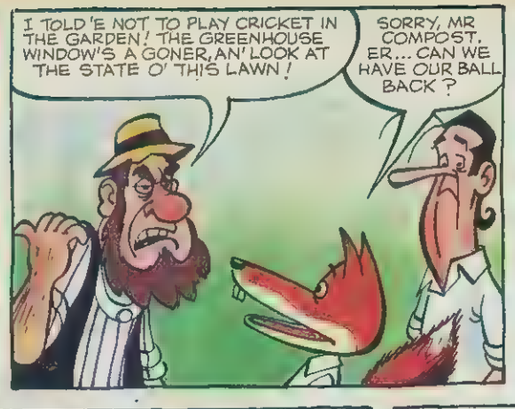
Shipley, Yorks

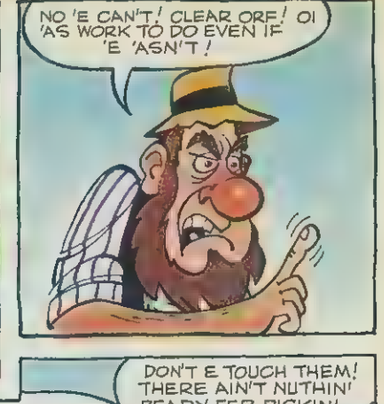
If your guinea-pig actually costs a guinea, I'm afraid you'll have to add 5p to your winner's prize. Perhaps Mum and Dad will cough-up.

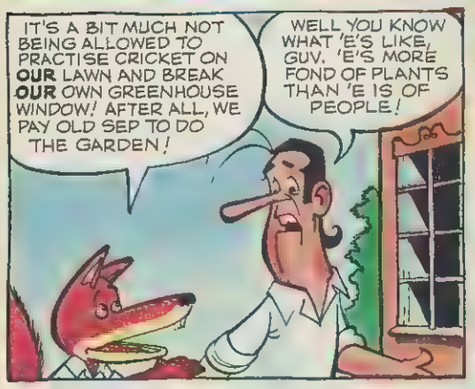
BASIL BRUSH

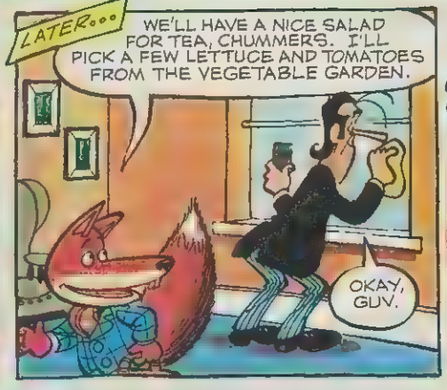


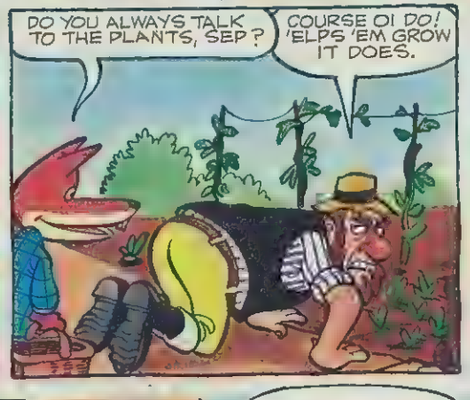


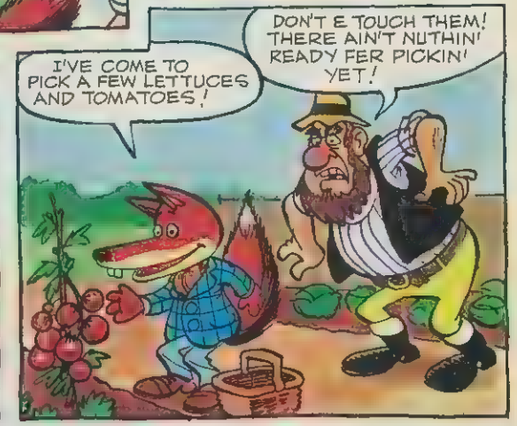

I TOLD 'E NOT TO PLAY CRICKET IN THE GARDEN! THE GREENHOUSE WINDOW'S A GONER, AN' LOOK AT THE STATE O' THIS LAWN!
SORRY, MR COMPOST. ER... CAN WE HAVE OUR BALL BACK?

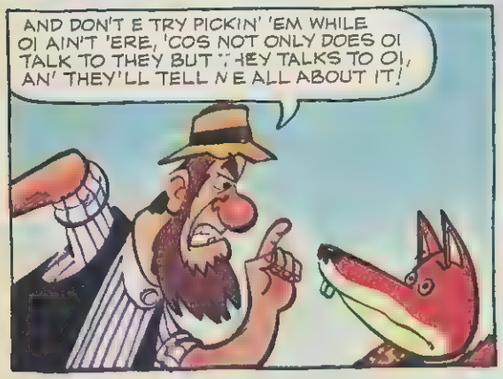


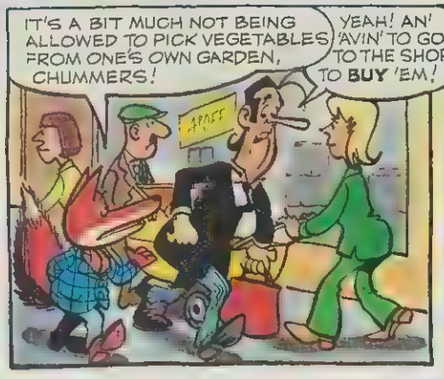

IT'S A BIT MUCH NOT BEING ALLOWED TO PRACTISE CRICKET ON OUR LAWN AND BREAK OUR OWN GREENHOUSE WINDOW! AFTER ALL, WE PAY OLD SEP TO DO THE GARDEN!
WELL YOU KNOW WHAT 'E'S LIKE, GUV. 'E'S MORE FOND OF PLANTS THAN 'E IS OF PEOPLE!

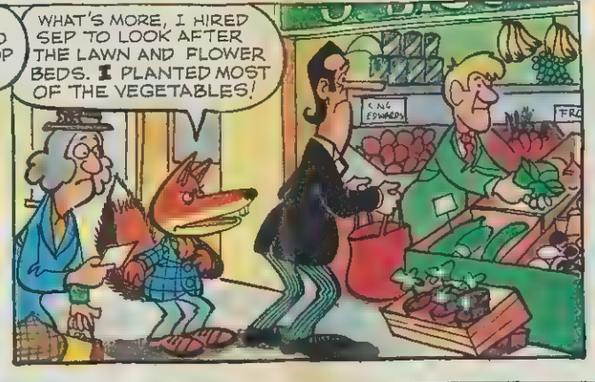


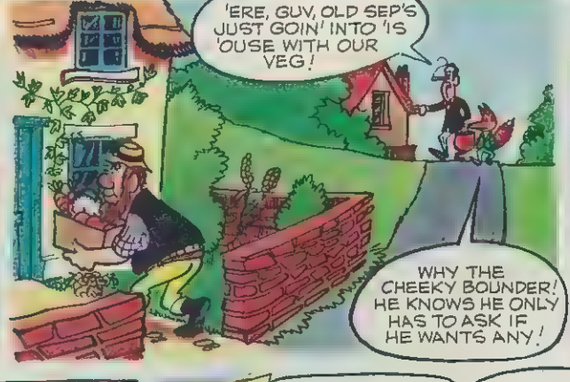


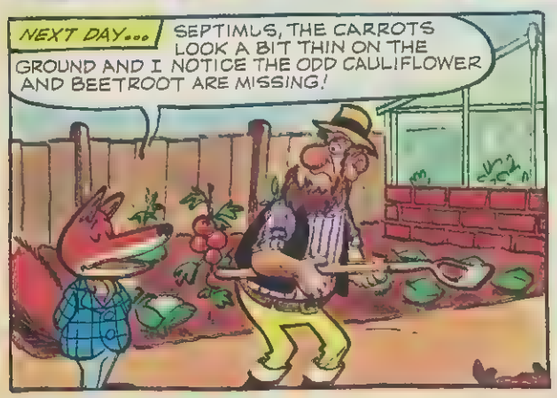


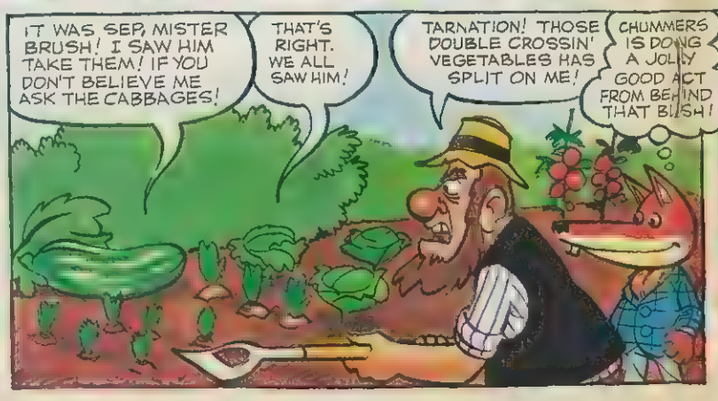


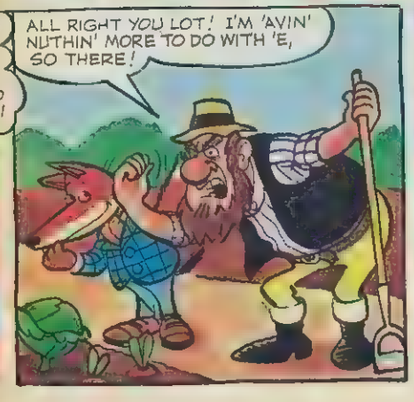


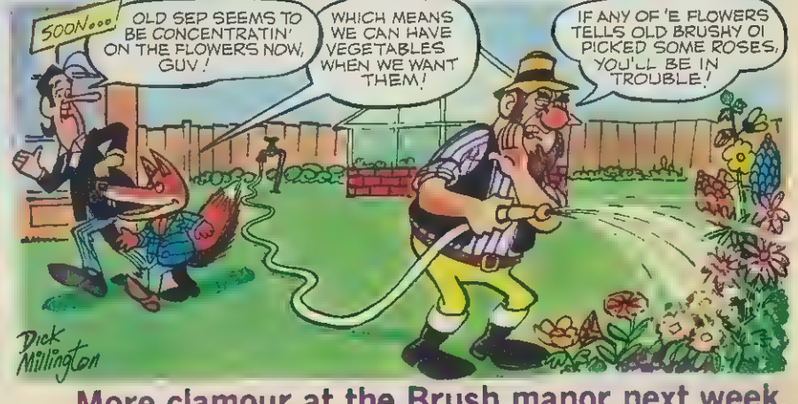







IT WAS SEP, MISTER BRUSH! I SAW HIM TAKE THEM! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME ASK THE CABBAGES!
THAT'S RIGHT. WE ALL SAW HIM!
TARNATION! THOSE DOUBLE CROSSIN' VEGETABLES HAS SPLIT ON ME!
CHUMMERS IS DOING A JOLLY GOOD ACT FROM BEHIND THAT BUSH!




SOON...
OLD SEP SEEMS TO BE CONCENTRATIN' ON THE FLOWERS NOW, GUV!
WHICH MEANS WE CAN HAVE VEGETABLES WHEN WE WANT THEM!
IF ANY OF 'E FLOWERS TELLS OLD BRUSHY OI PICKED SOME ROSES, YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE!
Dick Millington

More clamour at the Brush manor next week.

TARZAN

'THE MUTANTS'

A DIAMOND-MINING expedition, led by a man named Spence, has invaded Wamasi territory. When Tarzan hears war drums, he travels towards the village. But as he does so, he sees a meteorite descend into the mouth of an inactive volcano, close to the miners' camp.

1175
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE, BOSS. AND NOR HAVE THEM NATIVES— THEY'RE HALF CRAZY WITH FEAR.
I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT CHAD. HE WAS UP BY THE CRATER—LET'S MOVE!
THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE TEAM IS JUST COMING TO...
PHEW! GUESS I'VE GOT NINE LIVES. I MUST'VE BEEN THROWN THIRTY FEET CLEAR BY THE FORCE OF THAT THING... AND . HEY! WHAT'S THAT GLOWING?
INSIDE THE CRATER, THE METEORITE EMITS A STRANGE POWER...
AND WITHIN THE NEARBY WAMASI VILLAGE...
IT IS A SIGN FROM THE GODS! WE MUST DESTROY THE WHITE MEN WHO INVADE THE SACRED MOUNTAIN. I, GAZA, HAVE SPOKEN!
TARZAN, TOO, NEARS THE VOLCANO...
WHY DO YOU PAUSE, TARZAN? WE WILL SOON BE AT THE VILLAGE.
I SENSE GREAT EVIL, BOY! WE MUST GO WITH CARE.
MEANWHILE...
I TELL YOU SOMETHIN' REAL STRANGE IS GOING ON IN THAT CRATER!
WELL, RIGHT NOW WE GOT OTHER PROBLEMS— LOOK!
THE INTRUDERS FLEE— TAKE THEM ALIVE, O' WARRIORS. FOR THEM, DEATH MUST COME SLOWLY!
THEY'VE SEEN US. OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO DOUBLE BACK.
SUDDENLY..
AIEEEEE!
IT IS THE JUNGLE LORD!
WHO THE BLAZES...?
WHAT SHAME IS THIS, GAZA, THAT YOUR MIGHTY WARRIORS HUNT DOWN JUST THREE MEN LIKE DOGS?
WELL, WHOEVER THAT JOKER IS, HE'S BUYING US TIME. LET'S NOT WASTE IT!
BEFORE SPENCE CAN TAKE ANOTHER STEP..
WHAT IN..? N...NO! AAGH!

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Continued next week.

BANK NOTICE BOARD

DAD'S ARMY

©1974 Peter Thurlow — Beldart Ltd

WHEN CAPTAIN MAINWARING ATTENDS A LECTURE ON LOCAL CUSTOMS...

HERE! HERE!

AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, IT IS UP TO US TO KEEP OUR ANCIENT TRADITIONS ALIVE!

CAPTAIN MAINWARING IS FULLY CONVERTED.

BESIDES FIGHTING THE WAR AT HOME, IT IS UP TO US TO DEFEND THE OLD TRADITIONS!

WHAT'S THE OLD FOOL LET US IN FOR THIS TIME?

THEY SOON FIND OUT...

RIGHT, CHAPS, TO YOUR POSITIONS. MUSIC, GODFREY!

IT'S AN INSULT TO MAE NATIONALITY!

CRRASH!

WHOOPS!

YEOWL!

THE OLD TRADITIONS ARE HARD LEARNT...

SOME FIND THEM ENTERTAINING ALREADY..

IT'S THE BEST SHOW I'VE SEEN SINCE THE 'IPPODROME CLOSED DOWN!

YOU SAID IT, MR HODGES! HA! HA!

BAH! IGNORE THEM, MEN!

THEN, SOME DAYS LATER...

A COUNTRY-DANCING COMPETITION. JUST THE THING TO ENCOURAGE THE MEN, WILSON

OH, NO!

GRAND COUNTRY DANCE COMPETITION

AND WHEN EXTRA REHEARSALS ARE CALLED..

WHERE'S FRAZER, SERGEANT WILSON?

I'M AFRAID HE PUT HIS FOOT DOWN, SIR HE DOESN'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOUR SASSENACH CAVORTING!

WHEN THE BIG DAY ARRIVES..

IS THERE NO ROOM IN YOUR HEART FOR FORGIVENESS, CAPTAIN?

HMMPH! DON'T THINK YOU CAN SLINK ALONG HERE AND JOIN IN, NOW, PRIVATE FRAZER!

EXCELLENT, CAPTAIN MAINWARING! YOUR MORRIS DANCERS COULD WIN THE TROPHY.

JUDGING COMITTEE

A NICE SHINY CUP FOR THE MANTELPIECE, THAT'LL PLEASE MRS MAINWARING.

BUT THEN..

THE SCOTTISH SWORD DANCE!

GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S FRAZER!

SHORTLY..

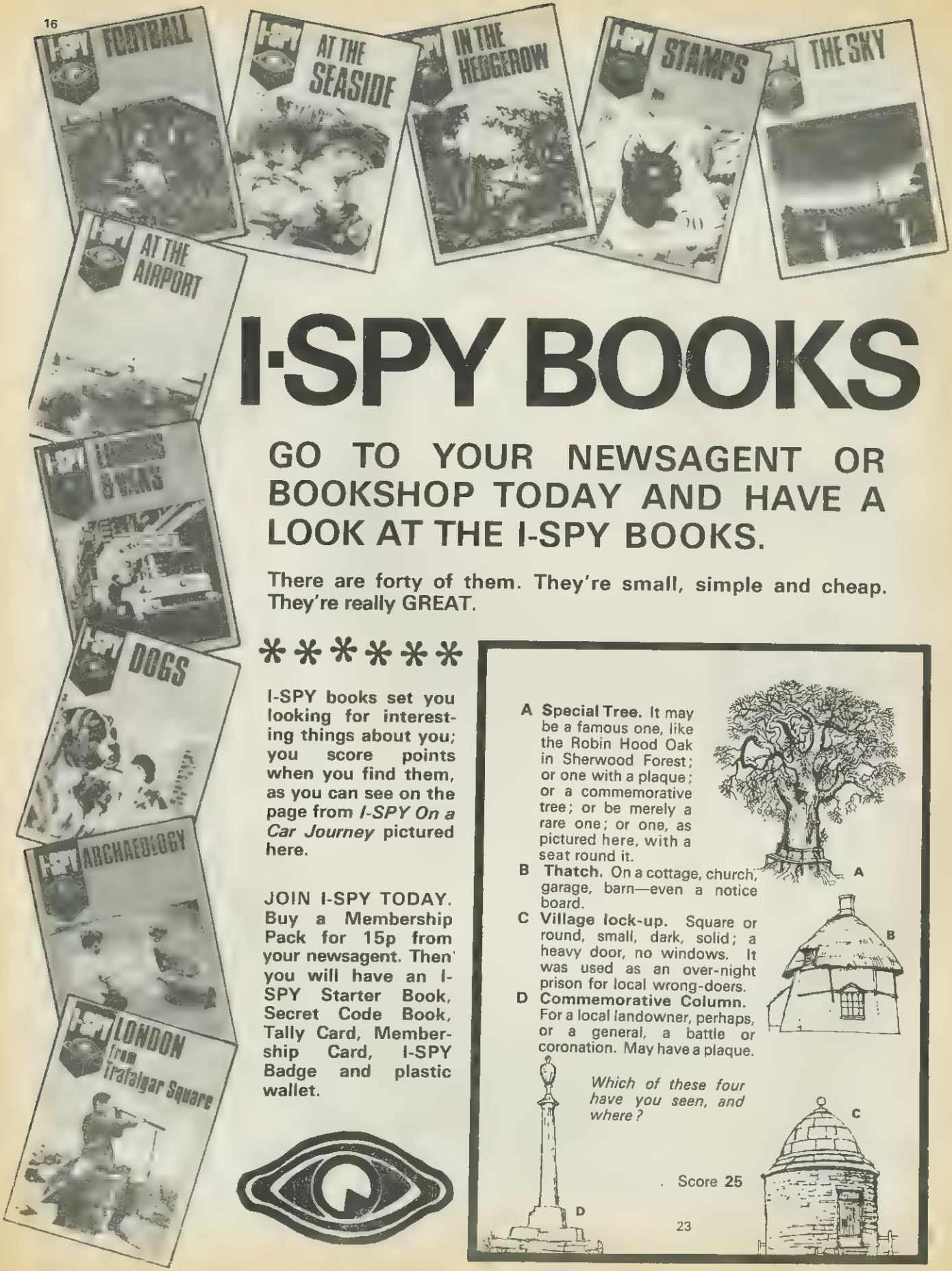
OUR RUNNERS-UP, THE HOME GUARD MORRIS DANCERS!

I CONSIDER THIS CLOSE TO MUTINY, FRAZER!

FIDDLESTICKS! A GOOD SCOT CAN TAKE ON THE ENGLISH ANY DAY! WHAT'S MORE, YE'RE NOT GOOD LOSERS!

1ST PRIZE

A 'cat'astrophe for the army soon!



I-SPY BOOKS

GO TO YOUR NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSHOP TODAY AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE I-SPY BOOKS.

There are forty of them. They're small, simple and cheap. They're really GREAT.

* * * * * *

I-SPY books set you looking for interesting things about you; you score points when you find them, as you can see on the page from *I-SPY On a Car Journey* pictured here.

JOIN I-SPY TODAY. Buy a Membership Pack for 15p from your newsagent. Then you will have an I-SPY Starter Book, Secret Code Book, Tally Card, Membership Card, I-SPY Badge and plastic wallet.

A Special Tree. It may be a famous one, like the Robin Hood Oak in Sherwood Forest; or one with a plaque; or a commemorative tree; or be merely a rare one; or one, as pictured here, with a seat round it.

B Thatch. On a cottage, church, garage, barn—even a notice board.

C Village lock-up. Square or round, small, dark, solid; a heavy door, no windows. It was used as an over-night prison for local wrong-doers.

D Commemorative Column. For a local landowner, perhaps, or a general, a battle or coronation. May have a plaque.

Which of these four have you seen, and where?

Score **25**

The BUGS BUNNY Show
"PLUNDERING PIRATE!"
TARNATION! NOT ONE LILY-LIVERED LANDLUBBER HAS OFFERED HIS SERVICES!
CREW WANTED APPLY CAPTAIN SAM
YUP! I'M GITTIN' REAL PRESSED FOR A CREW!
SHIVER ME TIMBERS! THAT'S IT! I'LL PRESS-GANG A CREW, LIKE THEY DID IN THE OLDEN DAYS!
BOP!
BOP!
SNIGGER! THIS LOPPY-LUGGED LANDLUBBER WILL DO FOR STARTERS!
TIPPY-TOE!
BY JIMMINY!
HOP!
YAAGH! THE BARNACLE-BITTEN BUNNY HAS MOVED!
WHAT LUCK! AN UNATTENDED CARROT PATCH! CHOMP!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
THAT BUNNY DOESN'T KNOW JUST HOW LUCKY HE WAS!
CANARY PIE! SUCCULENT CANARY PIE! SLURP!
IT'LL JUST HAVE TO BE THAT SWAB SYLVESTER, INSTEAD! SNIGGER!
DROOL! C'MERE! PIE! C'MERE!
YAAGH! SCUPPERED AGAIN!
SHAKE! WOBBLE!
AHA! WHAT HAVE WE HERE? SOMEONE WITH A BAD CASE OF THE SHAKES, I'D SAY!
PRESS
SHAKE!
I WONDER WHO IT IS? THERE MIGHT BE A STORY HERE!
PRESS
GREAT THUMPING TYPEWRITERS! IT'S YOSHEMITE SAM, THE FAMOUS PIRATE!
SAM?
SAM?
DID SOMEONE SAY YOSHEMITE SAM?
HELP! HELP! BE OFF, BILGE-RATS! I DON'T WANT PUBLICITY!
CLICK! CLICK!
JUST A FEW WORDS, SIR?
WHAT SHIP ARE YOU GOING TO ATTACK NEXT?
PAH! OLDEN-DAY PIRATES HAD IT EASY! THEY DIDN'T HAVE PRESS REPORTERS TO BOTHER 'EM!
MOST UNLIKE SAM TO LEAVE WITHOUT A CREW, SYLVESTER! I WONDER WHY?

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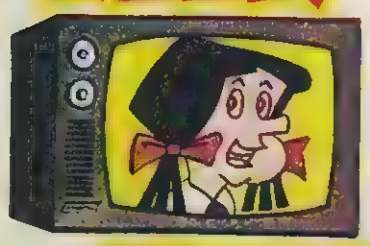
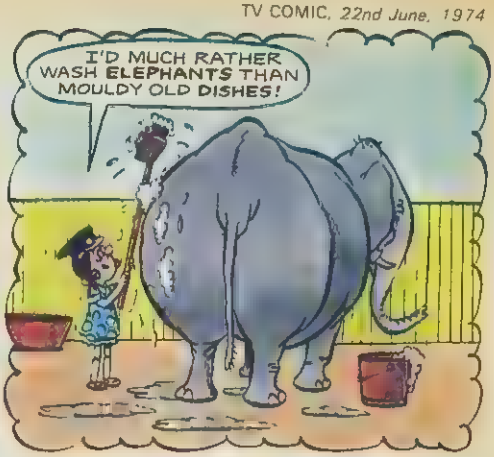
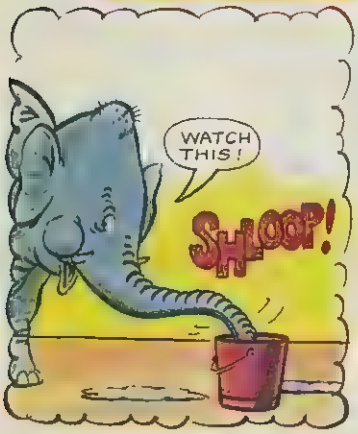
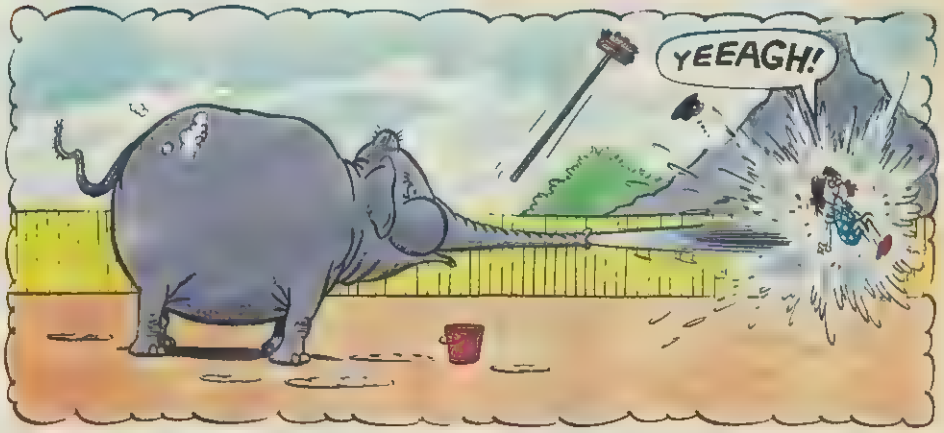
Medical mirth with Bugsy next week.

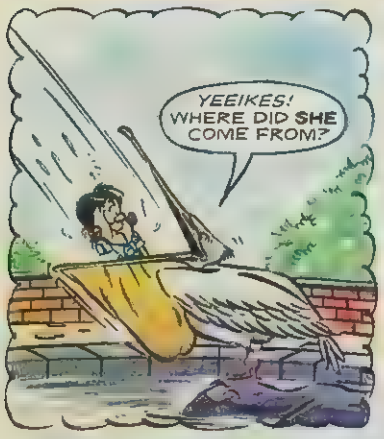
NELLY AND HER TELLY

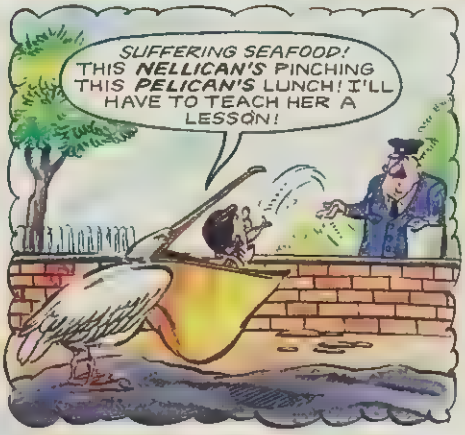


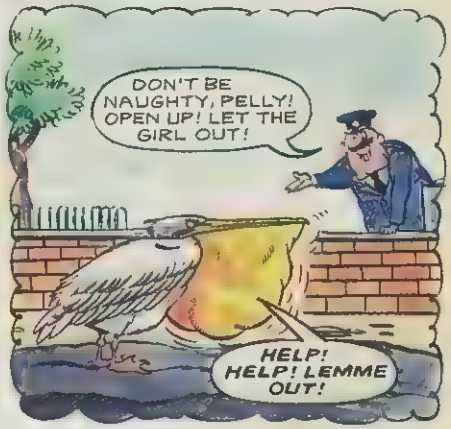


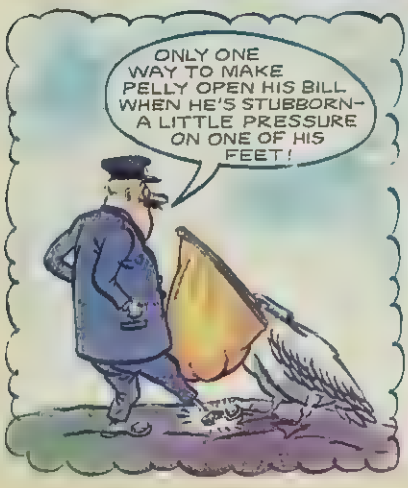


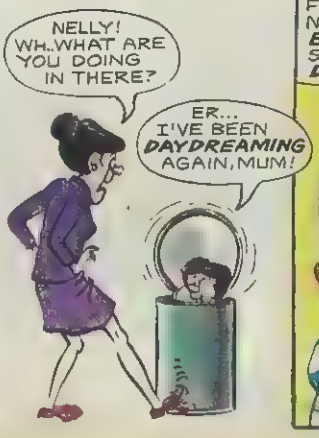


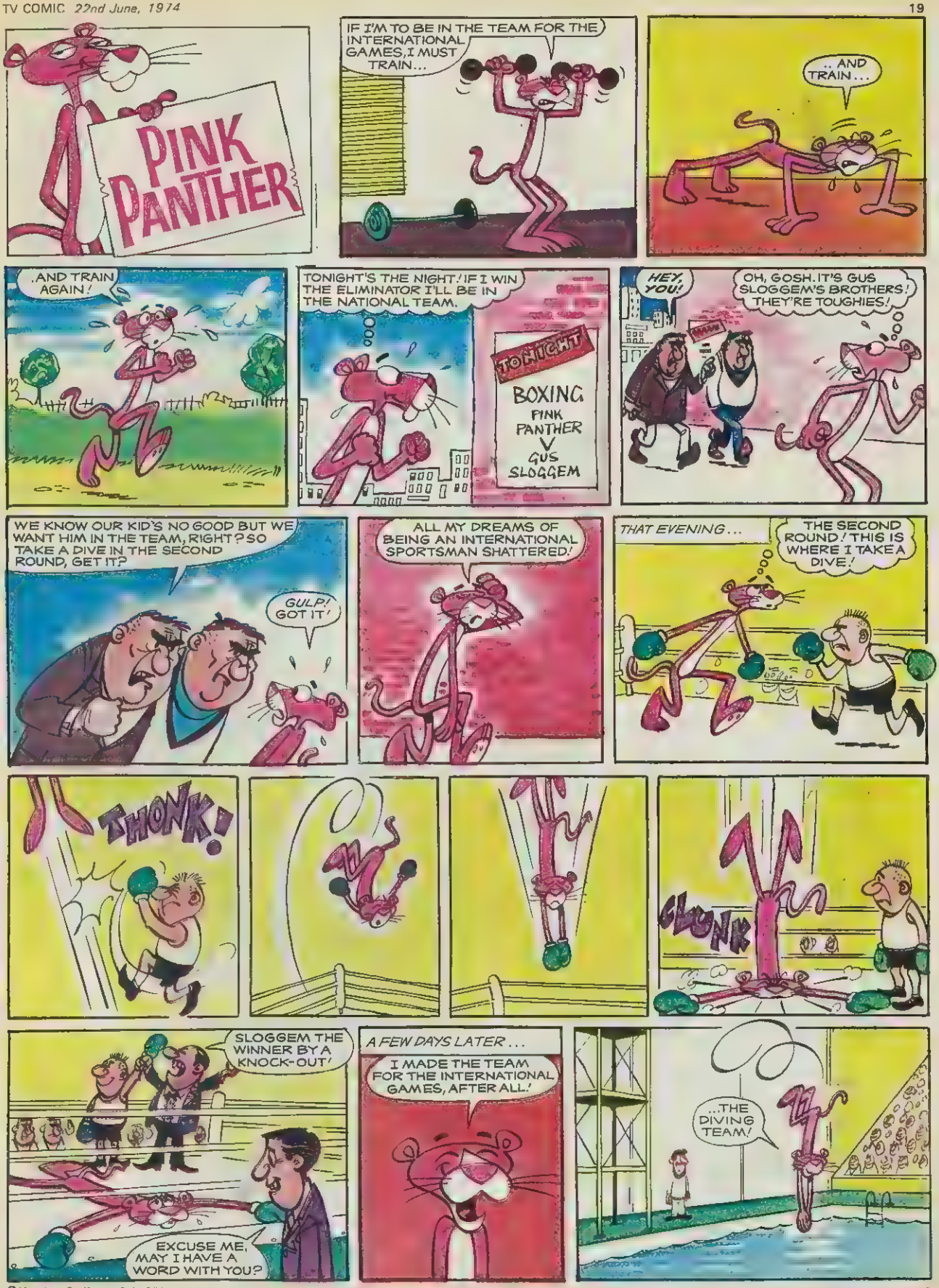











PINK PANTHER
IF I'M TO BE IN THE TEAM FOR THE INTERNATIONAL GAMES, I MUST TRAIN...
.. AND TRAIN...
.AND TRAIN AGAIN!
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT! IF I WIN THE ELIMINATOR I'LL BE IN THE NATIONAL TEAM.
TONIGHT
BOXING
PINK PANTHER
V
GUS SLOGGEM
HEY, YOU!
OH, GOSH. IT'S GUS SLOGGEM'S BROTHERS! THEY'RE TOUGHIES!
WE KNOW OUR KID'S NO GOOD BUT WE WANT HIM IN THE TEAM, RIGHT? SO TAKE A DIVE IN THE SECOND ROUND, GET IT?
GULP! GOT IT!
ALL MY DREAMS OF BEING AN INTERNATIONAL SPORTSMAN SHATTERED!
THAT EVENING...
THE SECOND ROUND! THIS IS WHERE I TAKE A DIVE!
THONK!
GLONK
SLOGGEM THE WINNER BY A KNOCK-OUT!
EXCUSE ME, MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?
A FEW DAYS LATER...
I MADE THE TEAM FOR THE INTERNATIONAL GAMES, AFTER ALL!
...THE DIVING TEAM!

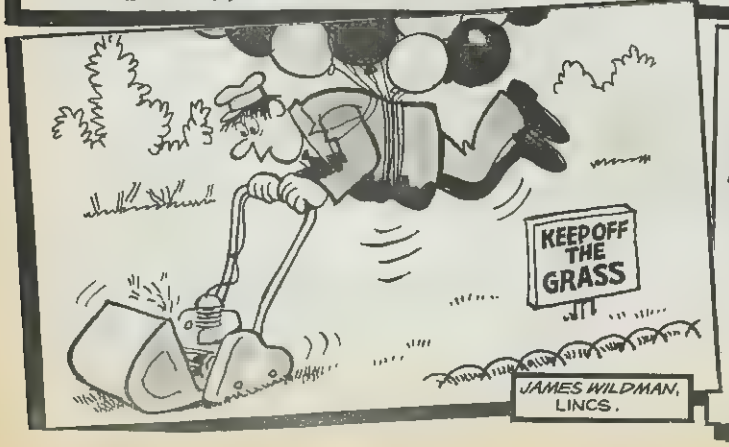
©Minsch — Geoffrey — D-F 1974

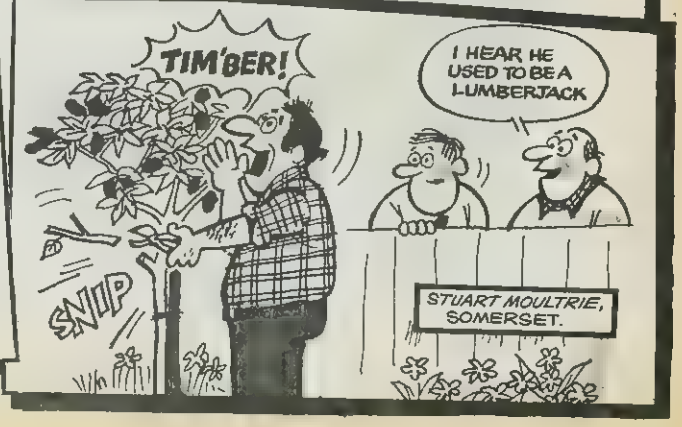
Soon: Pink Panther joins the 'underground'!

READERS' JOKES!

£1 FOR EACH JOKE PRINTED. SEND YOUR ENTRY TO: THE EDITOR, POLLY PERKINS HOUSE, 382-386 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON W.2. 1EP.

ARE YOU THE SALMON, SIR?
NO MISS, I'M THE HUNGRY SOLE WITH THE EMPTY PLAICE, WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO FILLET!
SIMON SHARPE, ST. NEOTS.





Laurel & Hardy

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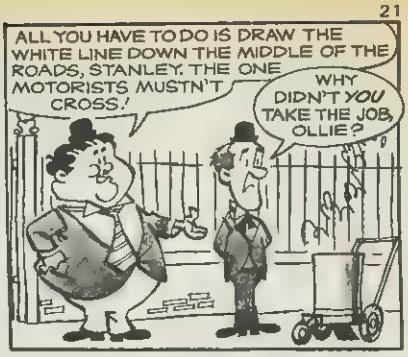
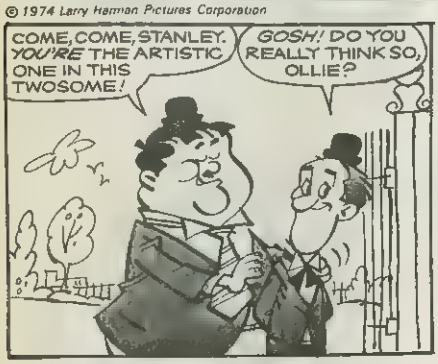
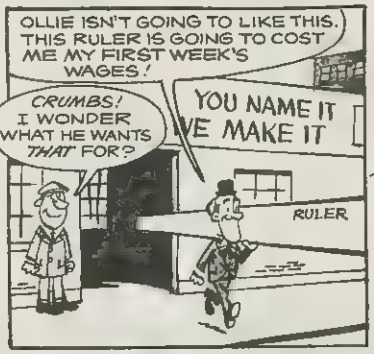
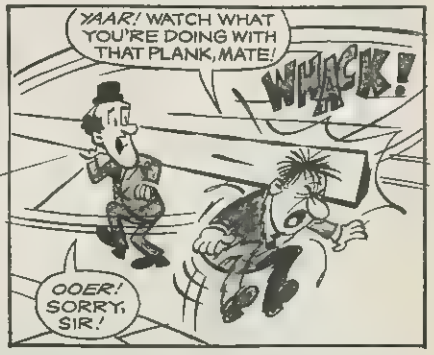
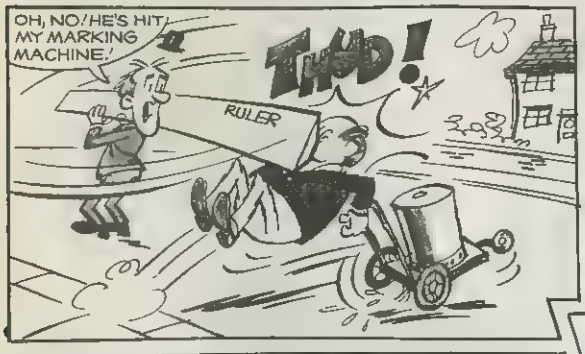

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DRAW THE WHITE LINE DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROADS, STANLEY. THE ONE MOTORISTS MUSTN'T CROSS!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE JOB, OLLIE?




OLLIE ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS. THIS RULER IS GOING TO COST ME MY FIRST WEEK'S WAGES!
CRUMBS! I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS "THAT" FOR?
YOU NAME IT WE MAKE IT
RULER





ER... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND ME A BETTER-PAID JOB, OLLIE. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THIS LITTLE LOT! GULP!
NOW THEN... WHERE SHALL WE BEGIN?
OH, NO!
CRASH!
SEETHE!
GRR!
FUME!

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DR WHO

'SIZE CONTROL'

THE Doctor has escaped from the hideous, giant Mantis-men who can control size. Hiding in the Mantis ship's ventilation system, the Doctor is unaware that the entire ship has been miniaturised to evade the Tyrryxian battle fleet that searches for the Mantis-men. The cruel Mantis-leader believes the Doctor holds the answer of escape through time . . .

Go, little one. Find me the alien. I need the secrets of his box...

This mystic craft with greater interior dimensions than its exterior is my salvation. I shall escape the Tyrryxians yet!

IN THE SAFETY OF HIS NEW REFUGE, THE DOCTOR ATTEMPTS TO PLAN THE DOWNFALL OF HIS MANTIS CAPTORS...

THESE CREATURES MUST BE STOPPED, BUT HOW? IT'S FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT THE TIME LORDS WILL NOT RELEASE THE TARDIS UNTIL I'VE SUCCEEDED.

IF I CAN ATTAIN SIZE CONTROL OVER THE ENTIRE SHIP, IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO MINIATURISE THEM ALL TO BECOME NOTHING MORE THAN MICROBES.

THEN...

EXPLODING COMETS! WHAT IN THE UNIVERSE IS THAT?

UNINTELLIGENT AND OBVIOUSLY NOT OUT TO MAKE FRIENDS! I'D BETTER DEPART!

AND SUDDENLY...

GOOD GRIEF! A SHEER DROP!

BUT THE DOCTOR'S ESCAPE ROUTE IS NOT EASY...

THE WRETCHED THING IS GAINING ON ME...

THE PURSUER GIVES ITS PREY NO TIME TO DECIDE...

AAGH!

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JAWS LIKE IRON. AT LEAST THE END SHOULD BE SWIFT!
SECONDS LATER...
WHERE'S HE TAKING ME? BACK TO HIS LAIR? OR CAN HE BE SOME TRAINED CREATURE USED BY THE MANTIS?
BEFORE THE TIME-TRAVELLER CAN MUSE FURTHER ON THE MATTER...
STILL HELPLESS IN THE INSECT'S JAWS, THE DOCTOR SEES TWO FIGURES EMERGE FROM THE SHADOWS...
WHAT HAVE WE HERE? FRIEND OR FOE?
CALM YOURSELF. WE ARE FRIENDS!
SOON...
HOW IS IT YOU SPEAK IN A TONGUE I UNDERSTAND?
WE TYRRYXIANS UNDERSTAND ALL NOISES OF COMMUNICATION. I SPEAK IN THE METHOD OF YOUR THOUGHTS, FRIEND.
NO CREATURE HAS SECRETS FROM US. ALL MINDS ARE OPEN TO OUR MINDS.
ONLY THE TREACHEROUS MANTIS HAVE SUCCEEDED EVER IN HIDING THEIR EVIL. THEY ARE THE FIRST, AND THEY WILL BE THE LAST.
WE CONSIDERED THE MANTIS MINDLESS WORKERS, STRONG AND TRUSTWORTHY. THIS THEY WERE UNTIL ONE MUTATION AMONG THEM ALTERED THEIR ENTIRE EVOLUTION.
THE LEADER IS THE ONLY FREE WILL AMONG THEM?
HE IS. THE OTHERS CAN INVENT, BUILD AND CALCULATE, BUT THEY LACK THE FACULTY OF PURPOSE.
THEY BUILT THIS SHIP TO OUR DESIGN. THEN THE MUTATION TOLD THEM TO TAKE IT. TRAPPED ABOARD, WE REDUCED OURSELVES AND HID.
THE TYRRYXIANS DISCLOSE ANOTHER FRIGHTENING FACT...
THE SHIP HAS BEEN MINIATURISED TO EVADE OUR BATTLE FLEET. IF IT DOES NOT RETURN TO ITS NATURAL SIZE SOON, WE SHALL BE HELD PERMANENTLY IN OUR PRESENT DIMENSION!
ETERNAL MICROBES!

Another exciting episode next week.

POPEYE
SPINACH
DONE YOUR HOMEWORK, KID?
NAW! I WANT TO GO OUT AN' PLAY!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT SWEE'PEA, OLIVE. HE DON'T SEEM INTERESTED IN HIS EDUCASHUN!
THERE'S AN OPEN EVENING AT HIS SCHOOL TODAY! WHY NOT GO ALONG?
SO...
LOOK, UNCA! MY WORK IS PINNED ON THA WALL!
3+ 4 9 vg✓
OH, MY GORSH!
HERE'S MY SPELLIN'!
MARRY hadd a littel LAMM
THIS IS HANDWRITIN'!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
HOW D'YA LIKE MY PICTURE?
THAT'S ABOUT THE WORST DRAWIN' I EVER SAW!
DO YOU LIKE THE LAMPSHADE I MADE AT WOODWORK!
THAT'S EVEN WORSE!
I CAN'T SHOW YA MY EXPERIMENT IN THE CHEMISTRY CLASS, UNCA, 'COS I HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT!
KID, STAY RIGHT THERE! I MUST SEE THE HEADMASTER!
HEADMASTER, ABOUT SWEE'PEA...!
BEFORE YOU SAY ANYTHING, POPEYE, THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU...
WE'RE SHORT STAFFED AT THE MOMENT AND THE WORK YOU SAW WASN'T REALLY DONE BY SWEE'PEA!
PHEW! WHAT A RELIEF! THE KIDDLIN' AIN'T SO BAD, AFTER ALL!
THE TRUTH IS, SWEE'PEA ISN'T UP TO STANDARD AND HIS NEW TEACHER DID THE WORK YOU SAW FOR HIM!

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Brutus has a 'planeful' time soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION